

tainly intended to be a renegade, and was determined to make the contrast complete.

Mr. Peel is the model of a minister, and improves as a speaker; though, like most of the rest, he is fluent without the least style. He should not get so often in a passion, either, or, if he do, should not get out of one so easily. His sweet apologies are cloying. His candour — he will do well to get rid of that. He can make a present of it to Mr. Huskisson. . . .

In the Lords, I admire the Duke. The readiness with, which he has adopted the air of a debater, shows the man. of genius. There is a gruff, husky sort of a downright Montaignish *naïveté* about him, which is quaint, unusual, and tells. You plainly perceive that he is determined to be a civilian; and he is as offended if you drop a hint that he occasionally wears a uniform, as a servant on a holiday, if you mention the word *livery**

In the matter of party allegiance Disraeli in the same chapter professes himself a Gallio.

Am I a Whig or a Tory? I forget. As for the Tories, I admire antiquity, particularly a ruin; even the relics of the Temple of Intolerance have a charm. I think I am a Tory. But then the Whigs give such good dinners, and are the most amusing. I think I am a Whig; but then the Tories are so moral, and morality is my forte; I must be a Tory. But the Whigs dress so much better; and an ill-dressed party, like an ill-dressed man, must be wrong. Yes ! I am a decided Whig.

And yet---I feel like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy.

I think I will be a Whig and Tory alternate nights, and then both will be pleased; or I have no objection, according to the fashion of the day, to take a place under a Tory ministry, provided I may vote against them.

The Young Duke is remarkable for its long and frequent digressions of autobiographic interest. It is dangerous indeed, as it always is in Disraeli's case, to interpret these too literally. Some of the personal touches are obviously deliberate mystifications, the pretence, for instance, above that his father was a member of Parliament or elsewhere that he himself was writing the novel in Rome. In others there is probably a good deal of Byronic exaggeration. It was the fashion in those days for a clever youth to pose ¹ Bk. V. ch. 6.